NICE SORT OF HUBBY

Story of Fierce Brutality That Would Melt a Heart of Stone.

Evidence in the Quackenboss Divorce at Chicago Worse Than Anything Judge Tuley Ever Heard.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.-Judge Tuley has renlered his decision in the famous Quackenboss divorce case, granting a decree to the wife. The case, which has been in the courts for many months, caused an unusual amount of interest from the peculiar and numerous allegations of cruelty made by the wife. The decision is a voluminous type-

written affair, and says: "The cruelty alleged in the case is peculiar and extraordinary in its nature. In 1887 the defendant was a commission merchant in St. Paul, and when visiting Chicago, at Mr. and Mrs. Chambers's, the aunt and uncle of the complainant, he made complainant's acquaintance. He was thirtyfour years of age and ten years her senior. They became engaged, and during the engagement there occurred an incident of trifling character, which was destined, however, to have an important bearing upon their future lives. One day Mrs. Chambers said to the defendant: 'I heard a lady today pay you a compliment. She said that you would be a most indulgent husband, and that Ella would be the most pampered woman in the world.' When the defendant went back to St. Paul he wrote Mrs. Chambers and said he presumed she thought it a compliment, but that he would never marry a woman with such an impression, and that if he and Ella did not intend to do all they could to make each other happy they had better remain as they were. Mrs. Chambers read the letter to Ella, who wrote to the defendant, asking what he meant and if he wanted to break the engagement. The defendant came to Chicago and matters were smoothed over. Jan. 12, 1888, the parties were married and went to St. Paul to reside. Two weeks after the marriage the defendant upbraided his wife for writing the letter mentioned and said Mrs. Chambers

maliciously prompted it. "This was their first quarrel. The defendant appears to have become consumed with a ferocious hatred of Mrs. Chambers, which embittered every hour of his life. In a few weeks he requested his wife to cease all communication with Mr. and Mrs. Chambers and to send back all the wedding presents they had given. Time and again he brought the matter up, and finally told her that she must choose between him and her uncle and aunt. She bought temporary peace by submitting. The wedding presents were returned and a letter was written by Ella saying that she wished nothing more to do with them. The letter was

dictated by the defendant. "He further demanded that she sever all intercourse with her father and all her relatives who would not give up the Chambers'. The defendant told his wife's father that he must cease all relations with Mr. Chambers, his brother. This the father would not do, so the defendant made Ella write to her father, sending him back presents which he had given her when she was a little girl, telling him she never wished to see or hear of him again. The letter is business-like in tone, and bears on its face the eveidence of the defendant's composi-

"The complainant swears," says the decision, "that her husband made her go to a physician, and when the doctor declined to prescribe any medicine the defendant forced her to take long walks, as much as fifteen miles a day. She soon became absolutely subject to his will and caprices.

HIS SYSTEMATIC TYRANNY.

"He then commenced to tyrannize over her and shamefully abused the power thus acquired by making her perform the most menial duties. He appears to have been very economical, allowing his wife only \$3 per week for the table. He made her cut up old boxes which he brought from the store, and furnished little other fuel. She was made to take care of two horses for months. She hitched up the horse and drove it to the defendant's store and returned to her kitchen duties. At noon and night she had to hitch up and go for him to bring him to his meals. The reason he gave for making her do the stable work was that he did not like to go among his fellow clerks smelling of the stable. He also made

her black his shoes. "He became cross and sullen, accusing her of lying, and often calling her a liar and a fool. When they had a servant girl, which was just for a few months, he required his wife, when he came home in the evening, to run to the top of the stairs and greet him with the words: 'Oh, William, I'm so glad you are come home! Come and kiss me.' If she failed to do this he would get angry, and on one occasion sent her to bed for a whole day for failing

Quackenboss, from the evidence, seems to have devised ways and means to torture, and harass his wife. One of his frequent punishments seems to have been sending her to bed. The decision says:

"On one occasion she had cooked a chicken for dinner. It was found to be tough. He said she had not cooked it enough, which she denied, whereupon he accused her of lying and ordered her to stay in bed one week, going to bed after getting the breakfast and only getting up to feed the horses. He sent the nurse away for eleven days after the baby was born, and then scolded Ella because the nurse had talked to him too much. She insisted that she was not to blame for it, and rising for the first time from her bed after her confinement, attempted to go to him, saying:

'Oh, William, don't scold me. You see the condition I'm in.' As she approached him he roughly pushed her, and she fell to the floor. He let her crawl into bed as best she could. He then stood by the bed and told her to cease her crying. When she could not, he told her she should stay in bed a day for every sob, and deliberately counted them until the number eleven was reached. He made her stay in bed eleven days, and restricted her in her weak condition to a diet of bread and water." Another occasion which the judge cites gives an example of Quackenboss's meth-

"One day the washtub came to pieces and she put it together woman-fashion. She told him she had fixed it. He looked at it and saw that the handles were not opposite, whereupon he called her a '- liar,' and sent her to bed for one day. When the baby was six weeks old he stapped it for crying. When she remonstrat i he sent her to bed for a week.

SLEEPING IN THE WOODSHED. "On another occasion they had some words about some trifling matter and late at night he ordered her to go and sleep in the buggy shed. He gave her a lantern, a revolver and a buffalo robe and told her that if a burgiar came she could shoot off the revolver. He admits that she slept in the shed, but claims she did it of her own | The year's a little older grown, accord. His own account only illustrates | And fair white boughs by green ways the extreme selfishness which was manifested in all his relations with his wife. "In February, 1891, they came to Chicago. The baby had scarcely any clothes and was brought wrapped in a shawl. He insisted that the baby's petticoat should be put on bottomside up and it was done so. He told her to buy a certain kind of cookies. She bought another kind. One day when they were packing up he refused to allow her to Yet who can bring the May again? stop long enough to nurse the baby and a neighbor who had an infant did so." Now comes her experience in Chicago, and of it the judge's opinion says: "Her life in St. Paul, as above related, was a paradise compared with what she suffered A joyous bird is singing now, from February to July in Chicago."

A joyous bird is singing now, Into the heart of the summer day from February to July in Chicago."

Quackenboss's most frequent instrument
of punishment seems to have been the bed,
and he made her stay in it days at a time.
"The defendant actually made his wife go
to bed for one week for taking the milk from her breast for her staving baby. He forbade her leaving the house, and for three months she did not leave their house.

Nearly all of this time she was in bed by his command. He not only sent her to bed but limited her for a greater portion of the time to a crust of bread and water three times a day. The infant could obtain no nourishment from a mother so fed and when she told him so he allowed her a little milk and one meal a day. "He often," says the decision, "stuffed a handkerchief or the bed clothes in the baby's mouth to stop its crying. On the 23d of May he brought home some baby clothes and told her to dress the baby, as ify. Our own observation does not bear he was going to take it away. She did so under threats. She held the baby in her

arms, but he tore it from her by brute force and went away with it. For the next wo weeks the constant cry of that mother was: 'Where is my child?'

The decision is one long account of the cruelties perpetrated on the wife by the husband, as brought out by the evidence. Quackenboss made his wife stay in bed except at certain hours on certain days, when he allowed her to meet him at a certain hour, at a street corner, for a few minutes. Then she must run back to bed. "When she failed through a misunder-

one day, he cursed her and told her she ought to be clubbed to death. He ordered her to go back to the house, go to bed, lie flat on her back, get up for fifteen minutes only each day, eat nothing but bread and water, and if she pleased him she might see the baby. She returned to the house and obeyed literally his instructions. At the end of a week she was so weak that she would fall down when trying to walk. But the promise of seeing her baby gave her strength and she went to the corner to meet her husband.

"He refused to let her see the baby, and told her if she would go back and stay in bed a month she could see him again. The next morning, July 1, 1891, she left the house, almost too weak to stand, and walked several miles to her Uncle Cham-

"The facts as above stated," says the judge, in conclusion, "show a case of cruelty which, in over forty years' experience at bar and bench, I have never seen anything near equal. In this case the defend-ant has exercised fiendish ingenuity in the cruelty inflicted, and the complainant has suffered agonies that probably no woman ever before suffered. The judge refused the defendant's request

that he be allowed to see the child. OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Baby's Boat Song Steer you straight for sleepy-land;

Drowsy sailor, O See across the shining sand, Happy children go.

Shadows dark are softly creeping. Starry lights are outward peeping, Silently my sailor row, Soon we shall be there.

Sleep, my darling; sleep, my sweeting; Gently flows the water near; Joy is coming, trouble fleeting, Sleep, my darling; sleep, my dear.

Nodding are the dreamy flowers, Slowly to and fro; Nodding are these heads of ours, Eyelids drooping low. In the trees the birds are sleeping,

Only crickets watch are keeping. Round and bright the moon doth glow, While our boats slip by. Softly, slowly, surely gliding, From all care and worry free: Day from us her face is hiding,

Safe in slumber-land are we.

The Poet's Debt. Ere he with November grieve, Fate her rarest must achieve;-Faith, and Hope, and Love must die-Friendship must be proved a lie; Courage turn to craven heart, Cheerful thought to poisoned dart: All the blessings of life's day. Vanish into Time's decay-Earth forsake and heaven deceive, Ere he with November grieve.

The Flight of the Geese. I hear the low wind wash the softening The low tide loiter down the shore; the Full filled with April forecast, hath no

-Emma Carleton.

The salt wave on the sedge-flat pulses Through the hid furrows lisp in murmur-The thaw's shy ministers; and hark! the Of heaven grows weird and loud with un-

seen flight Of strong hosts, prophesying as they go! High through the drenched and hollow night their wings Beat northward, hard on winter's trail. The sound Of their confused and solemn voices, borne Athwart the dark to their long Arctic

Comes with a sanction and an awe profound; A boding of unknown, foreshadowed things. -Charles G. D. Roberts.

His Hand Was Rough. His hand was rough and His hand was For He wrought in wood, in Nazareth With naught of worship, with no regard, In the village street He went up and

His hand was rough, but its touch was As it lay on the eyes of him born blind; Or strake sick folk in its healing might, And gave back joy to the hearts that

His hand was hard, but they spiked it fast To the splintering wood of the cursed And He hung in the sight of the world, at In His shame. And the red blood trickled

Contempt. When I pass singing, singing on my way, I think not, dream not of her-not indeed! Burns she with jealousy? Well, well, she may; I mind my own affairs, and give no heed.

-Archibald MacMechan.

If in my song she fancy that she hears Some note of sadness or some trace of It is my whim-not that my heart is sore!

For as to that, I care for her no more. And if they say I drive the cynic's trade, It is 'Time's fault, not hers who love be-Or that I call on Death where'er I rove, What matters that to her? Am I her love?

But if I meet her with Luigi, know She to her grave-I to the gallows go. -Ersilio Bicci. Upon a Crutch.

Upon a crutch-her girlish face Alight with love and tender grace-Laughing she limps from place to place, Upon a crutch.

And you and I who journey through A rose-leaf world of dawn and dew, We cry to heaven over much.

We rail and frown at fate, while she And many more in agony, Are brave and patient, strong and true, Upon a crutch. -Youth's Companion.

When We Kiss Good Night. When I kiss your lips goodnight-Hath that kiss a warning? There for me would be no light-Though God's world was bathed in white, If, when I had kissed goodnight, I kissed not good morning!

So, I kiss you sweet goodnight With a sad forewarning; But I shape my prayer aright: "God, beneath His wings of white Keep thee, when we kiss goodnight,

Till we kiss good morning!" -Frank L. Stanton. A Song.

In these new days are no more known, (Oh, who can bring the May again?)

And we are wiser grown, we two-Our story's told; each word was true; And you love me and I love you. (Oh, who can bring the May again?)

-Lisette Woodworth Reese. Over the Way. Over the way on a bending bough

Trilling a merry roundeley,

And over the way, the blinds are drawn, A mother's hope and love is gone; Without, the song—within, the gloom— A babe lies dead in the darkened room. -Robert Loreman.

Living Beyond One's Means.

An American capitalist, who is a keen observer, is reported to have said that he did not believe that there was an American citizens whose income represented a salary who was not living beyond his means. And, he added, that if the man had a family he witness to this assertion. But if the alleged fact be true to any considerable extent it must be regarded as among the causes of the many embezzlements and other pecuniary delinquencies which have become so common of late years. "Playing the races" has been the ruin of a multitude but living beyond one's means must bear part of the blame. And it is more serious than is commonly imagined. It involves false pretenses and fraud. It is a mean species of crime, and yet often committed without any compunction. Men are afraid or a hamed to say "I can't afford it," and yet are not afraid or ashamed to contract debts which they landing," says the decision, "to meet him | know that they cannot honestly pay.

THREE LIVING KINGS

Series of Interesting Anecdotes About the Monarchs.

Leopold of Belgium Is a Democrat, Alexander of Servia Met a Bandit, and the Kaiser Has a Latin Penchant.

New York Tribune.

The giant-like and long-bearded King Leopold of Belgium is one of the most democratic monarchs now occupying European thrones. He loves to go about incognito, talk with his subjects in out-of-the-way places, and learn in that way the opinions people have regarding him. In Spa a few weeks ago he had one of those experiences which he loves so well.

Accompanied by his adjutant the king took a long drive in the beautiful country surrounding the famous resort. At Pepinster the two men left the carriage to walk back to Spa. As they approached a little village, a mile or more from the watering place, a heavy rain storm came up. Besides the few buts there was only one tavern in the village. Above its door were the words: "A l'assurance contre la soif." "Et contre la pluie," said the king, rapping at the door and demanding admittance. The two travelers, clad in civilians' clothes, took their places among the workmen at the tables and were soon served with re-

"The face of that big chap I have seen somewhere," said the hostess in the dialect of the place to her husband, who stood near the wine kegs.

"It is familiar to me, too," was the laconic reply.

When the rain had stopped "the big chap," who had heard the characterization with pleasure, called the hostess and gave her a twenty-franc piece and his photo-Casting her eye a moment at the picture, the good woman shouted: "It is he! It is Then, bowing respectfully, she handed back the money with the remark: "For your Majesty there is nothing to

The king took his money, went on his way to Spa and there told his experience. The little tavern has since then become extremely popular, and there are few guests in Spa who have not visited "L'assurance contre la solf" and admired the photograph of his Majesty, which now occupies a place of honor on the walls.

STRANGE MEETING AT ISCHL. A little, ugly, short-tailed and longhaired dog was the cause of a quasi-introduction of two well-known American women to the Austrian Emperor at Ischl a few days ago. The two Americans, who had been passing the summer at the resort, were taking a walk in the beautiful Janitzenthal, accompanied by their colored maid and the dog. As they approached the Janitzenberg, in the imperial preserves, the brute, following a scent, hurried through the hedge lining the public road and disappeared. The maid hastened after the pet and soon found herself in the presence of a tall, handsome man, clad in the green suit of the foresters. Surprised at the sudden appearance of a colored girl in that part of the valley, the "forester" asked what the trouble was. He soon learned the cause of the trouble, and asking the name of the animal, took a whistle from his pocket, blew it aloud, and then called at the top of his voice.

"Waldman, Waldman! Come here!" The dog did not answer, but a man in uniform came out of the brush, saluted the "forester" and received an order to go in search of the missing animal.

In his absence the "forester" asked the maid the names of her mistress and the hotel where they were staying, and many particulars about them. Promising to retuen the dog to the hotel in case it was found he bade the maid return to her mis-

On the following morning a servant in imperial livery called at the hotel with the dog and a message from the Emperor of Austria expressing hope that the return would cause them as much pleasure as the search had given him. The "forester" was the ruler of Austria-Hungary.

ALEXANDER AND A BANDIT. According to Servian papers the young King of Servia had an exciting experience with a famous bandit a few days ago. While his Majesty, in the company of his adjutant and a number of soldiers, were driving across Mount Zlatibor toward Usicze, a fierce-looking man, armed to the teeth and carrying a pistol in his hand, sprang suddenly out of the thick forest before the royal wagon. The astonished guards of the king hastened to surround the royal carriage, when the unwelcome guest, throwing away his weapons and kneeling before the young monarch, cried: "My master and king! I am the robber Captain Dragitch Zsumitch, for whose head a reward of 30,000 francs is offered. Up to the present time no one has been able to capture me; I now lay my destiny volun-tarily in your hands."

The soldiers took possession of the robber, but the King ordered them to release him, and directed Zsumitch to deliver himself up to the police. In all probability his fate vill be a mild one. Dragitch has been for years one of the worst bandits in Servia, and has a long list of crimes to his debit. There was a great rejoicing in the mountain districts, where he has been a terror for so many years, when it was learned that he had followed the King's command and delivered himself up to the gendarmes.

Emperor William's love of the use of Latin quotations-he is an excellent Latin scholar, due to his splendid training at the Scholar, due to his splendid training at the Gymnasium of Cassel—was illustrated again recently in his telegram to the Berlin Regatta Wansee Society. "Navigare necesse est, vivere non necesse," wrote his Majesty in the course of his congratulatory words. The saying, it may be remembered, is that of Pompey, and is to be found in chapter to of Plutarch's hierarchy. In order to pre-50 of Plutarch's biography. In order to prevent a famine in the year 57 B. C., Pompey was empowered to import as much grain as possible to the city. He had fifteen assistants. In order to assure the success of his work he went in person to Sicily, Sar-dinia and Africa. When on the point of returning home, a terrible storm broke forth, and the sailors refused to put to sea with the load of grain. Pompey sprang into one of the ships and commanded the anchors to be raised, adding: "It is necessary that we embark; it is not necessary that we live." This classical remark is engraved over the entrance to the famous "Schafferhaus," in Bremen.

IS VENUS INHABITED?

Recent Discoveries Made Pertaining to the Atmosphere of the Planet.

Youth's Companion. It will be remembered that about two years ago the famous Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, announced that he had dis-covered that Venus, which is a world very slightly smaller than ours, makes only one turn on its axis in going once around the sun. It would follow from this that on Venus there is no succession of days and nights as upon the earth, but that perpetual day reigns on one side of the planet and perpetual night on the other. In other words, if Schiaparelli is right Venus al-ways presents the same face to the sun, just as the moon forever turns the same hemisphere toward the earth.

The inhabitants of the sunward side of Venus, then-if there be any-never see the sun set, while the inhabitants of the other side never see the sun at all, unless they visit the opposite hemisphere of their globe. Of course, no one knows whether there are inhabitants upon Venus or not, but we do know that Venus has an atmosphere, and that in its atmosphere watery vapor exists and clouds float, and that upon the surface of the planet the force of gravitation is not very different from that which it manifests on the surface of the earth.
Accordingly there are some reasons to be urged in behalf of the opinion that Venus

may be an inhabited world. But if one-half of Venus be buried in endless night while the other half lies glaring beneath a never-setting sun it is evident that the inhabitants of the planet must have experiences that would be most strange and trying to us. So the question whether Venus really does rotate on its axis once in 225 days, the period of its revolution around the sun, derives an added interest from the consideration that the planet possibly has inhabitants.

SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR-Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

LEWIS-PORTER MONDAY FIRE SALE

MONDAY

FURNITRE

FAMOUS FINE GOODS THE COUNTRY OVER.

The Lewis-Porter Furniture Company has decided not to rebuild its works recently burned here.

LEWIS-

AT LESS THAN MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES \$20,000 \$20,000 \$20,000

This Furniture, it is well known, ranks with the very finest made. For Sale Monday. Read the prices yourself. Buy for the Christmas season now, and have it laid away.

No reserves. Sale positive.

CASTMAN, SCHLEİCHER & LEE

You may try and beat us, but you can't. We now offer choice of any one of 500 Overcoats at our house, such as would cost you elsewhere 15, 16 and 18 dollars at least. You can take your garment at the small sum of

TEN DOLLARS

This saves you five to eight dollars on a First-class

OVERCOAT

No. 10 WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

If you want a Situation, a Good

Servant, a Faithful Clerk, a Desir-

able Boarding Place, or prompt-pay

Lodgers, write just what you want,

plainly, in the blanks below. Cut

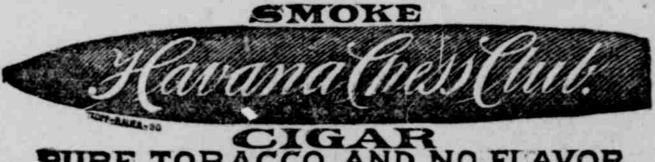
this out, and send stamps or silver at

X Words, to

Want Filler

5 Cents a Line.





PURE TOBACCO AND NO FLAVOR JNO. RAUCH, MFR.



TO BUSINESS MEN

You want to increase your trade and THE JOURNAL can help you. Its columns are open to you at reasonable rates, and if you will persistently and judiciously tell people what you have to sell you will get customers, in spite of hard times. TELEPHONE 238, and a solicitor will call, who will give you information about your advertising business that will be worth money to you.

NOW IS THE TIME.

MUNCIE

POPULATION Jan. 1, 1887, about...... 6,000 Jan. 1, 1890, about..... 10,700 Jan. 1, 1893, about.......... 19,786 Jan. 1, 1894, will be.......... 35,000 The future metropolis of the Great Natural Gas Belt of Indiana, 60x40 miles; every acre

productive and backed by 42,000 square miles of coal. Destined to become the greatest manufacturing district of the United States. For particulars address THE WHITELY LAND CO., Moncie, Ind.

Mention this paper. \$10 THREE MONTHS

Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penman ship, etc. Oldest and Rest. BRYANT & STRAT TON BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, When Block Elevator for day and night students. 'Phone 499.

HEER & OSBORM.